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THE SNOBLACE BALL.



THE SNOBLACE BALL;

OR

PILL GARLIC AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY

"The Spectator."

———"Shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise."
Pope.

———"If any here chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
For, if he shame to have his follies known,
First he should shame to act them."
Johnson.



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ARGUMENT.

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PART I

PILL GARLIC.



THE SNOBLACE BALL.

PILL GARLIC had successful been
In trade ; though he'd but little seen
Of what may properly be term'd
The world, artistical and learn'd.
Yet he had push'd a "thrifty trade ;"
And by't a "heap of money" made ;
Own'd houses, steamboats, stocks and ships,
And kept dependents "on the hips ;"
Was a good judge of flannel shirts,
Of guano, peat, and other dirt ;
Knew how, and when, to buy or sell
The "Wall-street fancies," just as well
As in the market how to buy
A codfish, or to kill a fly.
Pill had been alderman, I know't,
And of the Tea-room caught the gout ;

Was chief director in a bank,
That burst, blew up, and held a rank
In bankruptcy not far from zero,
Which made of Pill a money-hero.
Pill "ran for Congress," and was able
To sit a great while at the table ;
Was patriotic in the main,
When "money-measures" promised gain ;
Knew how to "turn an honest penny"
To good account ; and always, when he
Was ask'd to indicate a spot,
For public uses, had a lot
Appropriate and no ways dear,
Whereon the edifice to rear ;
And in committee oft did sit,
With reference to erecting it ;
Until his taste in architecture,
Became refined beyond conjecture.
And he could purchase lime or brick
Quite to perfection ; for a "trick
In trade," was a peculiar hobby,
Imposed by Pill on ev'ry body,
Whether in plush, or fur, or felt,
Or lots, or stocks, or dirt, he dealt !
Was *known* in Wall street, and his head
Held high, considering how much lead

It takes to load an ass or mule,
Or e'en to crown a moneyed fool !
Talk'd politics "till all was blue,"
And bored his hearers through and through ;
Kept horses and a gilded carriage,
With daughters old enough for marriage ;
And cut a figure "monstrous big "
At church, in a tremendous wig ;
And of the vestry was a member,
By no means very conscience-tender.

Pill gave a party once a year,
And graced the festive scene with cheer
Brought out in baskets fresh from France,
And oft he ambled in the dance,
And had some tender things to say
To Madam Knight and Countess Day—
Two English fossils just come o'er
To look at this benighted shore,
And talk about the English court ;
Which suited Pill's and their own forte.

But Pill aspired to shine in art,
And had a man to paint his carte,
Who subsequently drew his face,
His drawing-rooms in gilt to grace ;
Where now it hangs like Washington's
On creaking signs in country towns,

The wonder of his wife and all
Invited guests at "Garlic Hall."

At Pill's, one night, was Signor Cini,

A small Italian note-a-bene

In painting, lately from the clime

Where ancient art and artists shine.

Pill talk'd with Cini learn'd and long,

And wept some o'er Italian song;

Said much of sculpture, and the way

That art was *treated* anciently.

Of architecture, "like a book,"

Voluminous and long, he spoke;

The Parthenon and Theseum

He rattled like a fife and drum;

Had heard of temples on the Nile

From Buckingham, that, for a mile,

Or even two or three; in length,

Stand perfect now in pristine strength!

The pyramids he quite dissected,

And said ere then he had expected

T' have seen those wond'rous prodigies,

So huge and old, with his own eyes!

Had heard of Sphinxes and their tails

In Egypt, longer far than whales;

And he had heard about Karnac

From Gliddon, that stupendous quack;

Who took the world apart at pleasure,
And lied beyond degree or measure.
And of the tombs of Egypt's kings,
Garlic describ'd some wond'rous things;
Talk'd much about the ancient Greek,
Whose liquid language he would speak;
And said of art in Rome a deal,
'Twould make a hog in Latin squeal!
But art, and ancient art alone,
Was quite the burden of his groan.
For modern art, or artists, he
Had neither taste nor sympathy.
He thought them all the vilest trash
On which a man could waste his cash.
Had rather have an antique pot,
Than all the gems by moderns wrought;
Esteem'd no pictures but the old,
For these he'd pay their weight in gold.

Charm'd Cini listened to his theme,
While Garlic thus "let off his steam,"
With wond'rous patience; for he knew,
Precisely what with Pill to do.

This Cini was a "knowing blade;"
A hawk-eyed Jew, come here to trade
And barter off some worthless daubs
He had brought o'er to gull the snobs.

And, understanding Pill would go,
Some day art-hunting 'yond the Po,
To "make collections" in his line,
By the old masters, e'er divine,
He set a trap to gull poor Pill,
And his gay mansion-house to fill,
With most decided antique gems,
By moderns made for flats and clams.
As we shall doubtless by and by,
Say more of Cini and his "fry,"
We now will leave him, while we tell
Some other incidents of Pill.

Of course, Pill knew no more of pictures
Or sculpture than of Æsop's strictures ;
But he had heard of works of art,
And how to know them gave a start
To some pretentious men in town,
Who had, of late, so famous grown,
That he resolved himself to shine
Forthwith in the artistic line.
Pill wanted neither cash nor credit,
He had them both whene'er he said it ;
And lived in gorgeous modern style
Up town, by omnibus a mile
Or thereabouts, from Union Square ;
Where his high castle in the air,

Conspicuous stands to public view,
In which his little Garlies grew ;
And where Pill, jaded after trade,
Retired and laid him on a bed
Nor made of feathers nor of lead ;—
A sort of stationary sledge,
A new invention, and a pledge
That fell to him from Mr. Cheeks,
He ferried o'er some money squeaks,
That he and other shaving snobs
Concerned with him in risky jobs,
Contrived from time to time to make
In Wall-street banks, for their own sake,
A kind of thing that snobbish Pill
Had managed oft with tact and skill.
But in his gilded palace Pill
Remained no longer than to still
His appetite, and ease his head
On Cheeks' new invented bed,
And taste the charms that were provided
By Mistress Garlic, who presided
O'er Garlic's mansion and his table,
With all the grace that she was able.
Though that is saying very little
For one pretending to the title

Of mistress of so fine a house
As that of Pill, the money-louse.

When Pill had slept, and dress'd, and ate,
At home he'd little time to wait,
But off to Wall-street in a minute,
He whirled as hard as he could spin it,
To shave and delve in stocks or cash,
Or, moonshine schemes, or other trash,
Which he shoved off in course of trade
Upon the friends who sought his aid.

But Pill grew weary of the shop,
And had an itching mind to hop
On th' other side the briny waters,
To show himself, his wife, and daughters,
In foreign lands, at royal courts,
Where they would shine, he had no doubts.
This scheme would also him allow,
His taste in works of art to show ;
To gather up the gems that time
Had left neglected in " his line ;"
To reach down deep into the den
Of long-drawn ages, even when
That beauteous creature, mother Eve,
Her sinning partner did deceive ;
And by the ears to seize the Greeks ;
Thence sliding smoothly down their cheeks,

Far into Egypt's smould'ring lore,
His mind with antique art to store.
He therefore closed affairs at home,
And fain in foreign lands would roam.

Pill took his passage in a ship
That always made a tedious trip ;
A craft of Dutch descent and build,
Which was to be close cramm'd or fill'd
With French, Norwegians, Dutch and Jews,
And other strange outlandish crews.
These were no very pleasant quarters
For a long voyage across the waters ;
But 'twould be cheaper far to sail
With rag-tag, ruff-scaff, and bobtail,
In an old Dutch-constructed raft,
Than lodged on board some modern craft—
A Liverpool or New York packet ;
And so Pill and his daughters took it.

Pill thought it would be a good ruse
Before he started on his cruise
To ask the owners of this ship
With him and family to sip ;
Or rather to a formal dinner,
Expecting by't to be the winner
Of many favors on the way,
Which he'd no doubt would roundly pay.

Among suppress'd and express'd doubts
That had got wind at balls and routs,
With reference to the better half
Of peddling Pill the money-calf,
It was with gravity inferr'd
That things mysterious had occur'd
Quite often, and convenient when
She found herself with other men
At Garlic Hall, with Pill away,
That would not bear the light of day.
This slightly tinged the public mind,
And she was thought not much refined,
Nor quite the thing in early life
To shine in fashionable strife;
And that her breeding on the sly
Was more decided low than high.
Besides, there was a stray tradition
Among the Dutch of high condition,
That is to say, with the De Peysters,
Van Horns, Van Hooks and other shysters,
Descended from that high-wrought blood,
Transported here before the flood,
In hob-nailed shoes and leather breeches,
The scum of Holland's dikes and ditches,
That Mistress Garlic had been cook
Or chambermaid to Mister Shook,

A Dutch-Jew banker, hither sent
For clipping coin in Halle or Ghent;
A bachelor of mark and note,
As they on oath if ask'd could show't,
And one Van Dunderblix they said,
Who many years ago had fled
With inconvenient haste from Sheares,
To save his worthless neck and ears;
A monstrous humbug in his line,
In the ridiculous sublime,
That high among the "Upper Ten,"
Had long the rage and fashion been,
At Garlic Hall, as they believed,
Was oft and privately received
By Mistress Garlic when her lord
Was very busy "at the Board;"
And yet, moreover, they asserted
That she had oft with others flirted,
And left things loosely to a touch,
That scandalized the antique Dutch!

But were it so, or were it not,
No one was challenged to be shot;
Nor into court by chaffering Pill,
-Was brought to foot a victim's bill.
Pill knew by sad experience that
A law-suit is more lean than fat;

That though a man his case may get,
'Tis better far to lose the debt,
Than unto lawyers e'er resort
To win a suit in any court.
That they more mischief have begot
Than fell to pious Job or Lot ;
Or that o'erwhelm'd old Pharaoh's host
In Egypt or the Red Sea lost !

Pill Garlic knew full well, moreover,
That being shot at and knock'd over
By pistol in a useless duel,
Was something barbarous and cruel.
He knew the chances he must run
Who fights with pistol, sword or gun ;
When whom he fights against him wars
With the same weapon he employs,
And peradventure hath more skill,
His green antagonist to kill.

Garlic in Wall-street wars had fought,
And easy vict'ries there had wrought ;
And frequently had made fine hits,
And smashed his enemies to bits ;
Though by the bears was sometimes caught,
And triumphs very dearly bought ;
Yet for foul fighting with a gun,
He'd much less fancy than to run ;

He neither liked the looks nor smell
Of powder, bullet, sword, or shell;
And much deplor'd the barb'rous way,
Such things are handled now-a-day.
He thought it better to endure
The scandal of the passing hour,
And tame or patiently submit
To wrong, than injury commit
Against a scandal-bearing foe,
For all the harm mere words could do
To Mistress Garlic or himself,
Or the o'er-squeamish Dutch from Delft.

He thought, moreover, it were best
To laugh the thing off as a jest;
Nor seem to care a straw about it,
Which would incline most folks to doubt it.
And if they thought it worth their while
To jeer occasionally and smile
At his and Mistress Garlic's cost,
More would be gained by far than lost,
By letting people spend their wit
In any manner they saw fit,
Or malice, even, should they show't,
Than drag his shame into a court,
Or by the means of gun and powder,
'T' explode the scandal far and louder;

And that it would much better pay,
To let bad people have their say,
And make the most of 't than to fight
In field or forum, wrong or right.
For should he challenge to the field,
And be himself obliged to yield,
As he would likely have to do,
By being pierced or fired through ;
It wouldn't mend the matter much
Through life to hobble on a crutch ;
- But should the wounds received in battle
Result or turn out to be fatal,
And "knock his timbers high and dry,"
'Twould not turn truth into a lie,
Nor make one hair more black or white,
Than it had been before the fight.
Or, should he kill his adversary,
He couldn't see that it would carry
Much weight of argument to prove
The chaste condition of his love,
Or that she had or had not been
Like others, some inclined to sin,
And verg'd sometimes a jot or tittle,
From the pure ring of honest metal.

In sagely summing up the matter,
He thought 'twould be a great deal better

T^r avoid, by all means, arms and law,
And leave to each at will to draw
Their own conclusions, as to whether
He'd shown the black or the white feather ;
A full believer in the faith,
That time and circumstances hath
Much more to do in blotting scandals,
And wearing out the trace of vandals,
Than powder, bullet, sword, or gun,
Or anything the law hath done.

Thus Garlic reasoned, thus he thought,
And thus he acted as he ought,
In his opinion, to have done,
The way things stood or then went on.
And thus he saved at least his cash,
And his vain head from war's rude crash ;
And kept his mind also at ease,
Unvex'd by heartless lawyers' fees,
Their quirks and quibbles, and their snares
To catch weak clients, unawares.
While Mistress Garlic's balls and routs
Had modified the public doubts ;
That th' innuendoes and suspicion,
Of th' enemies to her position,
With unrelenting vigor, had,
Through the gay world of fashion spread.

Thus stood th' affairs of Pill at home,
When he in foreign lands would roam ;
And sought to win, before he went,
Some squeamish snobs of Dutch descent ;
The owners of three crazy hulks,
Call'd ships, when building on the stocks,
By generations, long since dead,
Or, to the dikes of Holland, fled.—

This ownership gave them an itch ;
Or, I should say perhaps, a niche,
In "Uppertendom's" upper tier,
With sev'ral hundred pounds a year :
A circumstance, that much elated,
The Dutch Van Cliggenburgs, related,
As they asserted, to Van Smash,
Inventor of the churn and dash,
Which the Van Squeekenburgs brought over,
In a Dutch ship, from Delft to Dover ;
And through the great Van Squintenberry,
Presented, in due form, to Harry :
Great England's King, as a rare boon,
Of much importance, from Van Loon.

Van Shillingbeeker was another
Of their relations, and his brother,
Van Kinderhooken a great snob,
Descended as they said from Job,

Was of their kindred ; and great Rip
Van Clamberflunky owned a ship
With them, which sail'd to Copenhagen ,
Consigned to Herr Von Porkandbacon ;
A cousin german to Van Clicker,
Who married, late in life, Miss Snicker,
Connected by a left-hand marriage,
To Herr Von Scatterbobs, of Clarrage.
Van Sclickenpenten of Van Shysters,
Was cousin of the great De Peysters ;
In family the ancient rivals,
Of the brave Rip Van Spikentyvels ;
Who were reputed very rich,
And owned, in Holland, a broad ditch,
Brim full of lively snakes and frogs,
And leased, for life, to polliwogs.

Among De Peysters' vast assets,
Were many long repuded debts ;
That Edward Third of England drew,
From Florence bankers, that were due,
Five hundred years, at least, ago,
Which England, still, does justly owe ;
And, probably, will cancel when
She pays her home-debt, if she can.
Th' Italian part of th' English debt,
With th' int'rest cast and put to it,

Amounts to something more than what
Th' English recognize they've got,
To pay at home, with th' int'rest added
Wherewith, 't appears, that she is loaded,
With debts contracted, old and new,
And beyond peradventure due ;
Amounting to enough to sink
Her down to regions, black as ink !
But her intentions are so good,
And finance so well understood
By England, and by English bankers
(Who gnaw and eat, like worms and cankers),
That she perhaps may carry, yet,
The weight of her tremendous debt,
Some ages longer, should she tax,
All God's creation, as she likes !
With that condition, 'tis not sure
(Could the De Peysters but procure,
Of their most precious lives a lease,
From Holland's water-snakes or geese ;
And live on, without doubts or fears,
For six or seven hundred years),
But rich and virtuous England may
Be more inclined than now to pay,
The int'rest on her Florence debts,
Comprised in De Peyster's assets.

But should she not, and the De Peysters
Still cling to life, like clams and oysters,
Chang'd now and then to shells or rocks
By earth's revolvings, quakes and shocks
(As they are fossilized already,
To some extent, or very seedy,
'Twould not require a long gyration,
To consummate their fossilation,
And turn them into stone or shell ;
So they might answer just as well,
For th' underpinning of a shed,
A pig-stye, stable, jakes or bed
As any other stone or lead) ;
And turn up kicking at the last
Great judgment-trumpet's sound or blast ;
'Tis probable that England will
Be then prepared to foot the bill,
And settle up the full amount,
That Edward loaned on her account ;
For England is an honest nation,
Eschewing all repudiation ;
And doubtless does intend to pay
The Florentines, on next doom's day !
The great De Peysters, thus related,
Pill Garlic had most kindly treated ;
And oft at Garlic Hall had feasted

Them and their friends and drank and jested,
When honest people must have had
Long hours of slumber in their bed.

A dinner gratis no old Rip
Van Snoodle e'er allowed to slip,
Or pass untasted, were he able
To sit or stand up at the table.
No sound of music charms so much
The famed descendants of the Dutch,
As that sweet little tinkling swell,
Resounding from the dinner bell!
No matter where or who invites
The Dutch to cabbage, gin and piper,
Like their coarse kindred of the pen,
They're very "sure and ready men;"
Provided always ne'ertheless,
It be at others' cost they mess.
If so they're prompt, "sharp to a minute,"
If not be sure the devil's in it!

PART II.
THE BALL.



Pill Garlic and Pill Garlic's wife,
And Pill's two daughters, for the life,
Were urging on the preparation,
For their intended embarkation,
And soon expected to depart
For lands of classic lore and art,
When they were asked to a great ball,
Prepar'd for them at Snoblance Hall ;
A new-fledg'd house destined to shed,
A flood of light o'er fashion's head,
As will more luminous and clear,
In our progressing song appear.

Sweet Mistress Snoblance late from Paris,
Wife to Snoblance and a rich heiress,
Had while abroad snuff'd up the wind,
Imperial greatness left behind.
Pleased with the scent and her pretensions,
She both displayed in one of Gotham's mansions.
And there she glow'd a living light,
At all hours of the day and night,
Voluptuous, beautiful, and bright.

New to the scene, she had not been
Yet noticed by the "upper-ten;"
But look'd up hopeful to the skies
Of fashion; and resolved to rise,
E'en to its heaven of heavens afar.
A comet or a blazing star;
And thus she open'd to the view,
Of wondering guests of ev'ry hue,
That were invited on commission,
By her whose fortune is position;
Who strives to earn an honest penny,
By taking fees from all or any
Great snobs or sniff-snaps who may wish
Their fortunes socially to push.

So beauteous Snoblance gave a ball,
As it is said by "hired call;"
But notwithstanding that event,
The invitations that were sent,
For so much each, by Madam T——,
Throughout the land and o'er the sea,
Brought in a host of curious folk,
T^o enjoy the supper, dance and joke;
Which were kept up till early hours,
'Midst flowing wine and blooming flowers,
That might have tempted a young Bacchus,
Or certainly a hungry jackass,

To bask and graze the flow'ry field,
Where music rang and laughter pealed.

Sweet Madam Trebos, what a blessing,
To give a ball and get a fleecing,
From one so lovely, so divine,
With influences such as thine !

The hour had struck that Trebos set
For Mistress Snoblance's ball, ere yet
She had begun the grand toilet.
One gas-light glimmer'd in the hall,
And two tall candles, they were all,
That shed their lustre 'midst the gloom,
Pervading the reception room.
The dancing salon, not yet lit,
Was somewhat darker than the pit.
The window-blinds securely closed,
No light within, without exposed.
Silent and dark like some old tomb,
In Egypt or a catacomb,
The hired mansion of Snoblance
Frown'd grimly over Doré Place.

The police walk'd their weary beats,
In silence through contiguous streets ;
And Brown, the great ubiquitous Brown,
So much admired about the town,
Was at his post with sev'ral more,

To guard and gossip at the door,
When unexpectedly of course,
A dingy hack drawn by one horse,
Drove lazily along and stopt,
From which two antique spinsters popt.

Though these old maids of "upper ten,"
For nearly fifty years had seen,
The fudge and fashion of the town,
And had at last great bores become,
Yet Brown most civilly inquired,
The hour their carriage they desired?
"At five, precisely," was replied,
And off these spinsters nimbly hied.

"Nine hours!" cried Brown, "'tis now by mine
Just thirty minutes before nine,
Which leaves them eight and thirty-five,
To swelter in that great bee-hive!
Good people these, there is no doubt,
But what on earth are they about,
To come so early to a rout?
Halloo," cried Brown, one more drove up,
Two curious gentlemen to drop,
Who went at once into the house
Where all remained still as a mouse,
For two long weary hours or more,
Except Brown's gossip at the door.

While these four dubious guests, gone in,
With frizzled hair and painted skin,
Were peering round like four old mice,
And all they saw or soil'd, call'd "nice,"
With scarcely light enough to show
Them how to look or where to go ;
Aloft, three stories in the air,
Sat Mistress Snoblance in a chair
Before a mirror, whence her face
Looked out with duplicated grace ;
Her heels were mounted on a stool,
And near her stood a barber's pole,
Or rather we should say : *Monsieur*
Tonson, from France, to dress her hair,
Which fell in ringlets o'er her breast,
As she reclin'd, not quite undrest,
But dressing at a furious rate,
T' appear in splendor at her fête ;
That is to say, to build complete,
The seventh wonder, her toilette,
In which as yet but small progress
Had been effected in undress.
Her toilet, when brought to completion,
Must mortify all competition ;
And set at rest the mooted question,
Which has disturb'd so much digestion,

As to what woman of the ton,
Can show the most with the least on!

She urged with energy *Monsieur*
To powder, frizz, or curl her hair;
And told her maids to fix in haste
The gear for winding up her waist,
To get the screws and cordage ready
To turn and pull till they were giddy;
For she that evening would appear
If possible as thin as air;
At most no larger round the waist
Than that most frail or fragile beast,
In entomology call'd wasp,
Provided she might breathe or gasp;
In order to her guests to shew,
Th' effect of lacing with a screw—
A new invention by Van Schlobbs
Of Holland for the use of snobs.

Tonson, by various passions moved,
Great in the little art he loved,
Powder'd and frizz'd, and comb'd and curl'd,
And bow'd and scrap'd and frisk'd and whirl'd,
Around the beauteous form and face,
Of th' all-enchanting, sweet Snoblace;
Until fatigued and warm and red,
With decking that exquisite head,

He said her hair now seem'd complete,
And she herself confounded sweet!

When Tonson had done up his chore,
And smirked and bowed him through the door,
Her maidens hasten'd to erect
The enormous frame of her toilet,
Which was indeed beyond conjecture,
A curious complicated structure.
Distending at the base, its form
Was like an Indian wigwam,
Inclining with a gentle stroke,
To th' apex for the curling smoke.
So this thing had an open top,
To let th' enchanting beauty drop,
Down gently to the magic waist,
To which 'twas strong and tightly laced;
Descending with a monstrous swell,
Like that stupendous Moscow-bell,
Which all the powers of Russia yet
Have failed to raise or overset!

This great machine, securely bound,
With ribs of steel superbly wound,
By cunning hands and costly woof
(At once the wonder and the proof
Of what in modern times hath been
Th' improvement made in crinoline);

Was wove together like the web,
Penelope devised to fib,
Successfully her many wooers,
And was as large as "all out-doors!"

When the great skeleton was set,
Of Mistress Snoblance's grand toilet,
And she'd been laced up to a point,
That wrench'd her frame in ev'ry joint,
All things were ready for the rest,
Required to finish her, full drest.
Now o'er the expanding crinoline,
Her petticoats were thrown to screen
Its ribs and hinges, and conceal
Much else not proper to reveal.
This done, the maids produced the dress,
The dress of dress and nothing less
Than sixty yards of cunning woof,
To finish off the sides and roof,
Of the astounding mass of rubbish,
She bore off jauntily and snobbish!

Snoblance was then of such proportions,
As to confound all human notions
Of the dimensions of our species,
Or any other but the fishes;
A whale for instance in its motion,
Requiring the Pacific ocean,

To move about without disturbing
Its neighbors with its spouts and surging,
Would give a very just conception,
Of Snoblace drest up to perfection !
Although the rooms in her great mansion,
Both in their breadth and their extension,
Were really very large and ample,
'Twas difficult without a trample,
On her distended robes to move,
For money, manners, or for love.

When Madam was arrayed entire,
With all the gems she could desire,
The next hard question that arose,
Was how to get the mass of clothes,
And other gears attach'd to Snoblace,
Without much damage down the staircase ;
This miracle was yet effected,
With far less risk than was expected ;
By means of lifting high in th' air,
Her splendid robes and bulky gear.

This vessel thus eased down below,
Without shipwreck or overthrow,
Her sails were loosen'd and allowed,
Once more her majesty to shroud.
And when securely moor'd in dock,
Her owners 'round began to flock,

And reinspect the beauteous craft,
At which all France had jeered and laugh'd.

Things had become most interesting,
And far too serious for jesting ;
For Snoblance now was occupying,
A place to get at all were dying ;
Had sprung up like a child begotten,
Quite out of time and been forgotten
By accident, and now outshone
All of the stars if not the moon !

The flaming gas and candles lit,
Warmed all the rooms hot as the pit ;
While guests came crowding in at 'leven,
Thick as the shining stars of heaven ;
Though some less brilliant to the sight
Than those pure orbs of heavenly light.

Soon the great house from top to basis
Was crowded with the forms and faces
Of those whom Madam Trebos thought
Most worthy to be sold or bought,
Or into that strange scene be brought ;
And she herself with simp'ring face,
Was there to introduce Snoblance,
Who was a stranger to the most
Of that lugubrious snobbish host,
Whom Trebos for a round commission

Had brought by tickets of admission.
Snoblance before had never felt
Such ecstasy as 'twas to melt
Into the air of "uppertendom,"
Made up of riff-raff got at random ;
To be a little more explicit,
We'll show some samples, *videlicet* :

Snobgossip Downing drest décolleté
In pinchbeck fustian old and rusty,
A would-be great one on a scale,
'Twould change a catfish to a whale ;
With self-importance that would seem
Only surpass'd by self-esteem ;
And with them both so much oppress'd,
That she can scarcely sleep or rest
At home, abroad, at church or rout,
Lest by some chance she be found out.

Now should a match to her be wanting,
Within the circle we are counting,
Her brazen daughter, a great swell,
At fifty-five a painted belle,
Deserves attention and a place
For flummery and a red face ;
Nor can we here in justice pass
That lump of ignorance and brass,
Old Jack himself, a would-be wit,

Without the world suspecting it ;
Who lounges in the public streets,
To ogle with the queans he meets ;
Who bores the members at the clubs,
Of whom he is the king of snobs ;
Who dingleangles round the feet
Of all whom he imagines great.

From this sweet trio let us pass,
And dauntless hold the looking-glass,
That other snobs may see their faces,
Deformed by their absurd grimaces,
And learn to see as they are seen
Themselves, despicable and mean,
Puff'd up with pride and self-conceit,
Wind-bags of fashion, and a cheat.

The next great snob Trebos presented
With patch'd-up garments highly scented ;
Deep ting'd with smoke and yellow dirt,
Was the remains of an old flirt ;
One Madam Boobee from the South,
Menaced by famine and the drought ;
Who feasts on pride for lack of meat,
And claims to be of the élite
In "uppertendom ;" dubious phrase,
Translated, means : " who never pays."
Wedded long years ago to Boobee,

A sort of catch-pole in the lobby
Of theatres, and oyster-shops ;
Who dines at home on liver-chops,
Stale fish, hard clams, and ullaged ale,
Derived from levying "black-mail."
These worthies fish for invitations
To balls and parties or ovations ;
To Princes or to Japanese
Ambassadors, or foreign fleas,
And eat their way from house to house,
In search of forage, fame, or brouse ;
Rigg'd out in second-handed clothes,
Though how obtained nobody knows
Or cares, except it were to show
How pig-weeds into fashion grow.

As these great people pass along,
And mingle gaily with the throng,
Two others came nearly as great,
To be presented there in state
To Mistress Snoblance, who is proud
To suffocation, of the crowd
Of great folks, and the great attention
They paid her in her hired mansion.
One doctor Van Quack and his dearie
Made fragrant by th' apothecary.
Their tread was courtly, and her frills

In just proportion to his bills,
Spoke volumes of the power and skill
He has to plunder and to kill !
She, the sweet creature, was a gem,
That dropp'd unseemly from the stem
Of an old skeleton, whose fame
Hangs like a vapor o'er his shame.
Yet she, dear lady, ne'ertheless
Felt much compunction and distress,
Lest by some most unlucky hit,
She should converse or even sit
With those who had not really been
Dove-tailed into the "Upperten."

Sweet pretty creature, pass along,
And mingle with the snobbish throng,
Which you can scarcely fail to grace,
Now met in honor of Snoblance,
And may you long enjoy the view,
With all precisely such as you,
And snuff the fragrance of the pen
Constructed 'round the "uppeten."

Gullpeper and her dashing daughter,
And the great swell that thither brought her,
Who dwell, 'tis said, somewhere in London,
Trebos presented now to Madam,
This family of arrant snobs,

That live profusely on the jobs
Of old Gullpeper, a great thief,
And swindler in poor soldiers' beef,
In musty beans and mouldy oats,
Old horses dying with the bots,
Old guns and harness, tents and cots,
And shoddy blankets, shoes and coats,
In ships and steamboats that for years,
Have rotting crept along the piers,
Were flaunting round with the rich plunder,
Obtained by fraud as black as thunder ;
One of those noted instances,
Of people rolling in riches,
But lately seen by Ball and Black,
By Tiffany or Mister Shack,
Or Stewart in his marble store,
Who never there appear'd before !

Gullpeper was a vulgar woman,
Nor Turk, nor Jew, nor Greek, nor Roman ;
A sort of mongrel kind of genus,
A thing of froth made up, as Venus,
One day was bubbled from the sea,
By His Great Briny Majesty.

All things in nature have their limits,
Except the change and price of bonnets,
The length and width of hoops and skirts,

Worn now-a-days by fools or flirts,
Or flaunted by the gay Gullpepers,
And many others much their bettera,
Space limitless no one can guess,
And form, or shape, or, even, dress,
May be enlarg'd to such extent,
As to defy all measurement !
Thus the Gullpepers with their robes,
Surpassed in size all other snobs,
As far as Cheops' pyramid,
Excels Mahomet's coffin-lid,
Or great Niagara's thund'ring roar,
The quiet movement of the Loire,
Or Mississippi's turgid tide
The gentle ripple of the Clyde,
In vulgar grandeur and expense.
These scummy people without sense,
Left e'en the trinket-spangled Jew,
Struggling quite vanquish'd in the view !

Trebo had lately, for a fee,
Put them into society ;
Or introduced them for "the tin,"
Among the snobs of "upper ten ;"
Or gave them for a round commission,
What's call'd a "high social position ;"
Which they seemed fitted to uphold,

If it were possible, with gold,
Or sounding brass, or, even, lead;
Wherewith they were well furnished.

Pill Garlic and his wife and daughters,
So soon to brave the briny waters;
And bless the world beyond the sea,
With their divine society,
Were present with more formal flutter
And fustian than I dare to utter.
Greengoggle too and great Prince John,
And the De Peysters were urged on,
With hundreds more of lesser lights,
So crush'd and squeez'd it gave them fits.
But yet they floated on the tide,
Of that great sea of froth and pride,
Push'd forward through the narrow space
(Like sausage-meat into the place),
That still was possible before
That most astounding pretty lady
Who there received them with due honors,
In imitation foreign manners,
And pour'd upon them such a smile,
As richly paid them for their toil.

When this was done most of them were
As useless as a smok'd cigar;
And stroll'd neglected through the quarters

Like smok'd cigar-stumps in the gutters.
Yet great Prince John and old Greengoggle
With joking, laughing, and with gabble,
Amused and entertained so much
They even satisfied the Dutch !

The Prince stroll'd round with Mistress Garlic,
And Madam Fuddle in a frolic,
And let off frequently a joke
That most convulsively awoke
Between those women and Prince John
Much loud laughter, mirth, and fun.
The Prince was in his happiest mood,
And said a great deal that was good,
And quite consoling to those queens
Who had long years since left their teens,
And now were fifty without doubt,
Though the Prince couldn't find it out,
Or rather he pretended that
He *thought* them young and not too fat.
The more their praises the Prince spoke
The more they laugh'd at his last joke,
Which pleased themselves and pleased Prince John,
As through the house they chatted on
Until they reach'd the gambling room,
And were assail'd by a perfume
That gave the Prince a fit of sneezing,

An incident not very pleasing,
Though it gave him a chance to sit
The ladies down and run for it,
For they had jeer'd and jostled John
Until he wish'd that both were gone,
Or that he could himself get out
Of that stupendous huddled rout.
Prince John, poor devil, was so prest,
Elbow'd and jostled with the rest;
So mix'd and mingled with the skirts
Of spinsters, demireps, and flirts,
That he no longer was himself,
And put weeks after on the shelf
Quite sick at home and at the stomach
From what he saw of Madam Flummuck,
Who caught him by the button-hole,
And held him long by cheek-by-jowl;
And gave him lots of good advice,
While they sat chatting o'er an ice.

She said to John in pious terms
That politicians are but worms;
That worms change into butterflies,
And one kind lays its eggs and dies!
John knew the fact and oft had show 't
Both by example and his vote.
He said, since eighteen forty-eight

His changes hadn't been so great
In politics as some suppose ;
As he himself or party knows
That only forty-eight save one,
Were all the changes he had done,
As true's he hoped to live or breathe,
Or was a legal heir of Eve !
He said he had at last got right,
And went in bravely for a fight ;
Fight to the hilt and to the hub,
By sound of fife or rub-a-dub.
No matter who gets hurt or hit
On th' other side, "no, d——n the bit."
He'd give them now a red hot poker,
Plump through the ribs from fighting Hooker ;
And then another through the shanks,
From that sagacious General Banks ;
'Twould make the treach'rous Rebels feel
The pith and virtue of cold steel ;
Knew that McClellan and Burnside
Would fight if need be till they died ;
Said Sherman, Grant, and Farragut
Would by-and-by the traitors put,
With all their nonsense, into limbo,
And leave them with their arms a-kimbo,
He'd give the rascals sword and ball

Till they should supplicating call
For an armistice and a peace,
Confessing themselves silly geese
For trying to found a state on slavery
By means of treachery, lies, and knavery ;
And their attempt to break communion
With such an admirable union,
The best the sun has shin'd upon,
Since he'd been known as "honest John !"

At first he thought the "wayward sister,"
Was such a shrew we had not miss'd her,
Had we unloosed our rightful grip,
And let the bestial creature slip.
But he had changed his mind since then,
And shaken hands with better men ;
He now went in to whip or kill
The desp'rate treacherous animal
That had corrupted church and state,
And burnt our ships and stole our plate ;
Had carried off our guns and flints,
And put our bravest sons in splints,
Or sent them down to be no more,
Tho' blest, he hoped, on Canaan's shore !

When John had closed this diatribe,
About the Southern Secesh tribe ;
And other meddlers, here and there,

With this confounded civil war ;
"That's right," said Madam Flummuck to John,
"That's right, Prince John, go on, go on ;
The boasting, vain, pretentious South,
Has long been foaming at the mouth ;
And chafing like a Scotsman's fiddle,
With a fix'd will to rule or riddle
This glorious country ! I for one,
Think it high time to stop their fun ;
They boast about their F F Vs,
But they must mind their P P Ps,
And Qs ; or very soon they'll be,
Most clearly down to double C ;
Which means I think in law parlance,
But slender means and a poor chance."

John bowed assent to the position
Of Madam Flummuck with th' addition,
That he had been, in former days,
A man of peaceful thoughts and ways ;
Was always easy in accounts,
Of no great moment, or amounts ;
And did his best to please the South,
By letter and by word of mouth.
He'd gone for all the "compromises,"
Concocted by their Cobbs and Wises.—
Firm on the "Platforms," he had stood,

With Cagger, Rhinders, Schell, and Wood ;
He had made one "Platform" himself,
Which was laid early on the shelf ;
As it displeased his Southern friends,
And was of no great use, or ends,
In any region of the globe,
He gave it up as a bad job ;
To please the South he'd been so fierce,
As e'en to cast his vote for Pierce !
A degradation and disgrace,
Exceeded only by the case,
Where old Buchanon was employed,
To rule the state which he destroyed ;
Or rather did his best to do 't,
As he on oath if ask'd could show 't.
As if all this were not enough,
Of self-abasement and rebuff,
He fell at Charleston on his knees,
Capricious Southern men to please !
And e'en again at Baltimore,
He kiss'd the dust upon the floor,
With mellow heart and dewy eyes,
And begg'd for one more "compromise ;"
And, most obsequiously inquired,
What more it was the South desired ;
But what availed all that he did,

Or all he'd suffer'd, wrote, or said,
In favor of these treach'rous men,
Who now himself and friends contemn?

The Prince thus opened on his part,
To Madam Flummuck his full heart;
And show'd how deeply he was stung,
By Southern treachery and wrong;
And that thereafter he would battle,
With all the money, might, or mettle,
That he could muster, for the cause
Of th' Union's government and laws.
So ended the long conversation,
John held with Flummuck of the nation,
And other matters that related,
To men and measures which he hated.
Whereon the Prince with usual grace,
Bowed with a smile upon his face,
And sought in an adjoining room,
Whereof he'd scented the perfume,
A brimming bumper from a bowl
Of punch to ease his troubled soul.

Among the guests of most renown,
Without excepting Mister Brown,
Or self-beknighted refugees,
Th' American Thucydides
Was there to pay his court with grace,

And elegance, to the Snoblance.

He came on horseback like the knight
Don Quixote, and was very "tight!"
When he rein'd up he had a notion
Of introducing a new fashion,
By riding through the marble hall,
With boots and spurs, into the ball;
Believing he would draw th' attention,
Of the great people in the mansion,
Much more directly if in saddle,
Well mounted on his horse a-straddle,
With whip and hat and his great-coat on,
Than any way that he had thought on:
To him a matter of import,
More grave than any other sort
Of thing or incident that might
Transpire around him day or night.
Hence he is seen in public places,
Angling around for up-turn'd faces;
Conspicuous standing in the pit
Of the opera when others sit;
Or peradventure on a chair,
Performing a commanding stare,
Through spectacles and a large spy-glass,
Combined with a gold-mounted eye-glass,
To see by means *secundum artem*,

Who in the crowd is looking at him.

His plan Thucydides suggested,
To Brown, who earnestly protested,
And gave to it a firm refusal,
As being something so unusual,
To go in mounted to a ball,
Given like this by "hired call;"
Astride a horse would be no jest,
For any male or female guest.
"True 't may not," said Thucydides,
"But what of that? if I should please
Myself and make a striking hit,
Who the devil should care for it?"

Brown still persisted, nor would yield
Thucydides an open field;
To spur his horse into a fête
Of "upper-ten," at any rate.—
And so the great Thucydides
Descended from his horse with ease,
By Brown's assistance, and went in,
With no slight feeling of chagrin;
At being baulk'd in his design,
On horse-back in the ball to shine;
And be regarded as the great,
Equestrian nabob of the fête!
Thucydides, as it is said,

Lacks neither sounding brass, nor lead ;
And he has also blab and bluster
Enough to smother Strain or Flester ;
And is perhaps the greatest bluffer,
That ever was a candle snuffer ;
Or ever played the pedagogue,
Since impudence became in vogue !
But of the real pith or mettle,
Of fighting courage he has little,
Or none to speak of, as appear'd
When by a challenge he was scared.

Thucydides of course writes hist'ry,
Or romance garnished with myst'ry ;
And stated in his "Introduction,"
Some things he must have learn'd by suction,
Or peradventure he had seen,
When in a nightmare he had been.

Thucydides had a position,
At one time in a foreign mission,
Of some import and influence ;
And had he been a man of sense,
And not so blown with wind and gas,
He might have been allowed to pass :
He might, perhaps, while in that station,
Have served the int'rests of his nation.
Howe'er, it but confirm'd the fact,

So oft by sad experience back'd,
That of a pig's tail or a thistle,
It is impossible to make a whistle.

Through the great jam Thucydides,
Being very thin, made out to squeeze,
Along the op'ning seams and cracks,
Of crowding snobs and arrant quacks;
Up to the gorgeous, gilded goal,
With hollow heart and dingy soul;
And there received an introduction,
By Trebos to a new connection,
Congenial with the vulgar taste
Of "upper tendom," and its caste.
When this was done he nimbly passes,
Like Barnum's What-is-it, in glasses,
To find some branch on which he might,
In "upper tendom," roost or light.

At last, not least, when the great bell
Proclaimed the solemn hour or knell,
Of twelve o'clock, there was a roar,
And frightful rattle at the door.
Brown and his aids had their hands full,
Nor were the lackies lax or dull;
All was excitement now to view,
The advent of a mighty Jew;
A very curious looking body,

As ever shaved in gold or shoddy.
So thrifty had this German grown,
Transplanted into Gotham loam,
That he had purchased, and display'd,
In spangled fustian and brocade ;
A wife, and horses, and calash,
And paid for them, 'tis said, in cash !
And, also, with his gold or plate,
He'd bought a right to serve the state,
At a good distance from the seat,
Of Presidential sham and cheat ;
And now was ready, with his shaves,
To cut the country into halves ;
And sell a moiety of 't to Slidell,
His Secesh friend, and traitor-idol ;
Or make a dicker with the devil,
To sell the whole, for secesh evil,
Provided he shall shave the bill,
And put "*de monish*" in his till !

When the great Sheba, of the South,
To honor Solomon, went forth ;
And, Solomon, voluptuous creature,
In all his glory, went to meet her ;
There might have been more gems display'd,
Than this sleek Jew and wife essay'd,
To flaunt before the wond'ring faces,

Of those assembled at Snoblacé's.

But, since that time, no one supposes,

That Jewish eyes, or Roman noses,

Have witness'd trinkets half so bright,

By moonshine, gas, or candle light,

As those that spatter'd them, that night.

Brown, with accustom'd skill and art,
Most happily perform'd his part ;

And eased those marvels of the town,

From their gilt carriage, safely down ;

And, then, with gracious, grave attention,
Conducted them into the mansion.

They enter'd, with a measur'd tread,

The ample doors, wide open spread,

And a self-consequence, so great,

The floor was bother'd, with their weight,

As, slowly, through the marble hall,

They march'd into the Snoblacé ball.

The movements of this "wand'ring Jew"

The attention of the Dutchmen drew,

For notwithstanding his queer looks,

The Waghorns and Van Danderhooks,

The Rip Van Pimpers and Van Slobbers,

Descended from some thieves, and robbers,

That long disturb'd the Rhenish water,

With their atrocious crimes and slaughter

(Most ancient fam'lies from the Hague,
Who squatted here, before the plague ;
In company with the De Peysters,
And sold immensely, clams and oysters) ;
Declared him handsome, and his State,
That of a money-potentate ;
Which they could scarcely praise too much,
It was so pleasing to the Dutch !

When they approach'd the outer skirts,
Of the assembled snobs and flirts,
This Christian and the gorgeous Jew,
Loom'd up, most luminous, to view !
All gaping mouths, or ears, or eyes,
Were fix'd upon the prodigies,
With anxious wonder and surprise !
They shined and glitter'd like the moon,
Reflected in a pewter spoon.

As stones, or sticks, or dirt, or straws,
Obedient to nature's laws,
When upward thrown by wind or faction,
Move towards the centre of attraction ;
So these great people, just arrived,
By hook or crook or look, contriv'd ;
To penetrate the snobbish jam,
And pay their *devoirs* to Madam.
And there, in form, they were presented,

By Trebos, to the new anointed ;
And were received by the Snoblance,
With her accustomed Paris grace.

Things now had reach'd a culmination,
That straight required some ventilation.
The fiddle-strings began to squeak,
And music, with its charms, to speak,
In volumes of the coming strife,
In dancing, for the very life ;
Which, now, commenced in such a way,
As ne'er was match'd, on any day,
In any country, age, or clime,
In ancient or in modern time.

Great things were done at the Snoblaces',
When all the guests, with all their graces,
And many foreign snobs of note,
Were, in the mazy dance, afloat ;
And ev'ry heart, with impulse, beat
Time to the motion of their feet ;
While music's sweet, voluptuous swell,
Brimm'd up th' enchantment of the spell.

Perhaps, in modern times, the dance,
Ne'er did one half so much t' enhance,
Th' enjoyment of a festive scene,
Nor has one half so useful been,
In showing off queer forms and faces,

As, on that night, at the Snoblaces'.

Of all the dancing, balls, or hops,
In barnyards, saloons, or on ropes;
In bar-rooms, palaces, or ships,
By men, or boys, or demi-reps;
Since David danced, or Miriam play'd;
The dancing on that night, display'd
By Mistress Snoblance and the rest,
Of her gay party, was the best;
So far as bottom, pith, or muscle,
Had aught to do with that hard tussle.

Old Mistress Fuddle, and Miss Fudge,
Who each the other ow'd a grudge,
While in the card-room playing whist
With Rip Van Schillenblunderfist
(A great Dutch Baron, late from Hague,
Heir to a wind-mill, and a peg
To hang his hat on, at the club,
Where he was a great swell and snob);
And Mister Ebenezer Schlawfette
(Who, in the torrid zone of Tophet,
Own'd mines of brimstone, zinc, and lead,
On which his ancestors squatted);
Were bent on mischief, noise and trouble,
In that stupendous heated huddle!
And, after some unseemly passes,

In which they call'd each other asses,
And names, the muse declines t' indite,
They clinch'd and had a stand-up fight!

The Baron rose; and Ebenezer
Caught Miss Fudge, in his arms, to squeeze her;
Or, rather, shield her, from the blows,
That Fuddle aim'd her, on the nose,
The eyes and ears, or head and face;
Much to the scandal of the place!
As some brave soldier shields his Lord
In battle, and receives a sword
In his own breast, and yields his life,
To save his sovereign's in the strife;
So Ebenezer, kindly covered,
Miss Fudge; and, skilfully, endeavor'd,
Himself, to take the blows, intended,
For Fudge, by Fuddle, thus offended.
The Baron was, of course, astonish'd;
And, by appearances, admonish'd,
Not to lay hands on Mistress Fuddle,
Just at that time, for fear of trouble;
For, she was "made up," out of trash,
That might, on th' instant, go to smash!
He saw the danger, and aloof
Kept himself from her, bullet proof.

This rather touching incident,

Or episodical event ;
Among the players, had th' effect,
That any body might expect ;
Where all was gaiety and mirth ;
Before the incident had birth.
The card-room, in a moment, was,
In great confusion, and a buzz ;
Which broke up all the games at cards ;
That were in progress, with the "hards,"
Or, the fast demireps and men,
There, gambling, from the "upper ten."
Who rak'd their money, from the table,
As rapidly, as they could scrabble ;
And squar'd away, to see what next,
Would spring from matters, so perplex'd,
So serious, confus'd and mix'd !
The punch-room was deserted, too,
By the De Peysters, and Dutch crew ;
Who, with Greengoggle, and Prince John,
Were quaffing deeply, punch and fun,
With quarts of other, "heavy wet,"
Congenial with that drouthy set.
With faces glowing, like a Bacchus,
They hurried in to see the fracas ;
And peered around, o'er ladies' shoulders,
And other much amazed beholders,

Of that strange scene of noise and trouble,
Kick'd up, by the floodwood and stubble,
That Trebos had drawn in to grace
The opening ball of the Snoblance!

This now attracted Mistress Snoblance,
And Madam Crowfoot, and Her Grace,
The Baroness Van Guilderslatten,
A noble lady, late from Stetten.

The Baroness, a friend of Fuddle,
Amazed, to see her in such muddle,
Approach'd her, with a kindly heart,
Embraced her hand, and took her part,
And, sought with haste, the outer door,
Where, they were, after, seen no more.
While Ebenezer and Miss Fudge,
Soon thought it best themselves, to budge,
And thus, all things became more quiet,
And threatening less an open riot.

When they were gone, to cards and dancing
All heads and hands and heels went prancing;
Which they kept up till a late hour,
With all the energy and power,
That "upper tendom" could bring out,
In honor of the Snoblance rout.

At two, precisely, down they went,
Pell-mell, as if by Satan sent

Into the fuming supper room,
Which soon was crowded like a tomb
In Egypt with the ancient dead ;
Where, deep and long they drank, and fed.
When the fierce game of knife and fork,
And anxious struggle with the cork,
Were brought to a propitious close,
Among the dancing belles and beaux,
They hied them to the dancing hall,
Again, to carry on the ball.

The gamesters to their cards return'd,
While some hard toppers, we have learn'd,
To drink, more than to dance, inclined,
Were left, deep in their cups, behind.

Garlic, great gourmand, got a table,
Near the De Peysters, and was able,
To do much damage to the meats,
Champagne and oysters, wines and sweets,
That, like great cocks of meadow hay,
Or swelling winrows, loosely lay,
Midst odoriferous perfumes,
Sent from the kitchen, through the rooms,
Adorn'd with bouquets, tall as trees,
In Holland, wilting in the breeze,
Or, cook'd by jets of gas, ignited,
That heat the gilded rooms, it lighted.

Pill Garlic and the great De Peysters,
And fifteen other first rate shysters,
Dress'd elegantly, from the Tombs,
Smother'd with musk, and such perfumes,
As they, themselves, profuse emitted,
Were, on a wager, fiercely pitted,
Against ten feeders, just from Holland,
And a stupendous bore from Poland,
To see which side should "rule the roast,"
By eating and by drinking most!

Garlic, sly fellow, had the cue,
Full well he'd learn'd, and well he knew,
The devious windings, ins and outs,
Of eating, or of drinking bouts.
He thought, that, with the great De Peysters,
And fifteen of their friends the shysters,
His close adherents and support,
The devil in 't, if they came short!

O! vain, deceptive flight of fancy;
That seiz'd the brain of this "Miss Nancy,"
And brought him to a rash conclusion:
The gate, that conducts to confusion;
And, sometimes, to the depths of woe,
Or dismal regions down below!

Although Pill understood the Dutch,
And knew about, or quite, how much

It takes of whiskey, rum or gin,
To fill up their capacious skin ;
He missed the mark, about the Pole,
And sadly fail'd to win the goal ;
He and his friends howe'er with spirits,
Enter'd the lists with zeal that merits
Much better fortune than attended
Those worthies when the race was ended.
They drank and ate and ate and drank,
Till they had emptied near a tank,
Of strong concocted German beer,
And floods of other " heavy cheer,"
Ere the Dutch feeders from the Skeldt,
Began to waver, wilt or melt.
And the great gourmand from the north,
Now loading his voracious mouth,
And brandishing his knife and bottle,
Without the slightest wave or tottle,
Was just as fresh, or more so than,
He was when the contest began !

When Pill discover'd that the Dutch
Had drank, already, quite too much,
And now began to reel and totter,
He push'd the adversary hotter,
Without inspecting his own troop,
That sadly now began to droop ;

Nor was it long before their gabble,
Became extinct beneath the table.
Where soon, alas ! the great De Peysters,
With their good friends the fifteen shysters,
Lay sleeping, with the ten Dutchmen,
But lately from a Holland fen !

When Garlic saw his friends were failing
He scarce could keep, aloud, from wailing,
To think what fortune must attend,
His contest with the Polish fiend,
Who stood beyond all peradventure,
As firm as Nebo on its centre,
Without a jostle in his gait,
Or quiver in his gab or gape ;
While peddling Pill himself already
Had got the hiccups, and was giddy.
Garlic saw clearly his mistake,
And now with fear began to quake ;
For though he'd floor'd the adverse Dutch.
He had not yet begun to touch,
The uninvaded power and pith,
Of the great eater of the nith ;
Who stood like solid -brass or steel,
Firm as a rock, without a reel,
Or wriggle, or the least vibration,
Prepar'd to drink up all creation,

Provided it were only whiskey,
Brandy, or gin, without being frisky !

Although Pill saw the game was lost,
That he had reckon'd 'thout his host ;
And that the room seem'd turning round,
The ceiling falling to the ground ;
And all the guests about the table
Appeared to reel and be unstable,
Somewhat inclin'd to laugh and snicker,
And the gas-lights to flare and flicker ;
And all things rocking to and fro,
While he could scarcely stand or go,
Indeed was more than "half seas over,"
Yet he would push the contest further !

Like some hard panting, jaded beast,
By hounds, and horns, and hunters chas'd
On distant plains or mountains cast,
Still fighting best though fighting last ;
So Pill, though prest against the wall,
Seem'd more inclin'd to drink than fall ;
And straightly challeng'd th' adversary,
In three more bottles of old sherry,
With two more flasks of Holland gin,
Which clos'd the business up for him,
And laid him soundly down to sleep,
Without a gurgle or a peep !

But the old toper from the north,
Seemed still afflicted with the drouth ;
And stood upright with knife and fork,
Attacking viands and the cork,
As fresh and frisky as at first,
Though parched and panting still with thirst !

As the great Maelstrom of the deep,
Destructive in its whirl and sweep,
Pulls into its relentless lips,
Affrighted sailors and their ships,
And sends them howling to their graves,
Beneath the fierce conflicting waves ;
So this great Eater of the north,
Drew into his voracious mouth
Vast floods of brandy, gin, and ale,
And punch and champagne by the pail ;
Oysters and turkeys, geese and game,
Gave up the ghost and shared the same.
Nothing was sacred, nothing safe,
All vanish'd 'fore him like a waif :
Thoughtless of those that him surround,
Or those loud snoring on the ground,
Unmoved he stood and half in sport,
Said, "Jeems, just pass along the port !"
Until at last he was turn'd out
By the Police who closed the rout !



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